the Wise, designate Him the , Good, proclaim .Him the
Loving, acclaim Him the Sovereign, embrace Him as the
Lord. Not broken up but magnified and glorified, He remains
the same and yet ever new, the lasting and yet ever emerging,
the Ancient One and yet the'momentarily remanifested and
reincarnated God. He thus fills not merely the' long span
of generations and ages but the little details of every heart-
throb and every pulse-beat.
In this connection I am prompted to give an episode from the life of that wonderful saint Meera Bai, a
Rajput Princess, but unlike princesses in general, touched
by Divine Love and exalted above all thrones to that seat
of glory where the soul feels that not for the monarch's throne,
not for the rod of authority, not for the mine of wealth, would
it give up the invaluable honour of saying, *c<* I am God's."
Wholly absorbed in. God, the Princess would often in her
room be engaged in conversation when alone ; and' her
husband, a powerful, manly, self-respecting chieftain,
unable to understand the mystery, thought she was speaking
to some third person. At last, he broke open the door, rushed
in and asked "Where is he? ". He found none there.

ct Where is he " he asks. {c Where is the other person^that
you were talking to? Where has he escaped?" And the
Princess answers "He is there before Thine eye"; but he could
not see Him. He could not bear his wife being in company
with another person. She had to go away. When God
possesses the soul, the tearless weep -like Augustine, the
proud fall prone, men, retire into the wilderness like Gautama,
or dance like David, or foam in the mouth like Mohammed,
or become blind like Paul, or ride out into the darkness
never, never to. return, to the worldly life again. So Meera
Bai left Rajasthan and went to Brindavan. The most
renowned of the saints at Brindavan was Rup Gosai; and
to him, she sent word saying (c I should like to see Gosai and
pay my respects to him," Rup Gosai was of a profoundly